

## Bev's Letter To Derry by Larry Boodry

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**Summary:** Five years after The Loser's Club chases Pennywise into hibernation, Beverly Marsh remembers all the bad things she was not supposed to, and decides to share her new knowledge with the fine folks of Derry.

## Bev's Letter To Derry

### THE DERRY NEWS

Monday August 15, 1994

#### A Note From Your Editor

As I'm sure most of you can imagine, the life of a small-town newspaper editor can be rather boring, if not downright sleep-inducing.

Then *she* appears at your desk, a stunning young lady wearing a Derry High t-shirt big enough for two of her, tight black jeans, and no shoes on her pretty bare feet. Green eyes, purple polish on her toes, and a wild mane of red hair any self-respecting lion would kill for.

"Are you the editor of this rag?" she demanded, and if I replied at all it was only to nod, as my benumbed brain refused to form words worthy of her.

"What's your name?" she persisted, blowing a strand of that lovely hair off her nose in typical teenage exasperation.

"Douglas Tammerly, at your service," I replied, and God help me, had I not already been seated I might have actually bowed to her.

Upon hearing my name, she raised one quizzical eyebrow at me.

"You kin to Joe Tammerly who fixes cars?"

"Ayuh, he's my brother." I smiled at her. "Though I must admit, Miss, Joe has never mentioned knowing a pretty lass like yourself."

"He don't know me that well," the girl said, gesturing out the front window and ignoring my compliment completely. "Sometimes he fixes my car."

I looked, then looked again. The car in question was a cherry-red 1967 Pontiac GTO in perfect condition.

There is only one such vehicle in Derry, and the idea that this girl owned it didn't feel right to me.

"But wait, isn't that Al Marsh's GTO?"

"Usta be," she said flatly. "Now that he's dead it belongs to me." Then her tone softened, and she offered me a small, contrite smile. "And for what it's worth, Mr. Tammerly, your brother has always been kind to me."

And it was only then, as I read between the lines of her almost-forlorn comment about Joe, that yours truly finally figured out who this delightful creature must be.

As for the rest of you, my dear readers, perhaps I shall let you figure it out for yourselves, if you haven't already.

She reached into her purse and pulled out a single sheet of lined notebook paper, handed it to me, and watched while I read her handwritten composition.

One paragraph in I already knew I was going to print it, and told her so. But instead of the grateful smile one might expect, she narrowed her eyes at me.

"Mr. Tammerly, before I trust you with this I need to ask you something."

"Ask away, my dear."

"Well, the gentleman who ran this paper before you was a short, spineless weasel with no balls. Are you anything like him?"

I had to grin, as her description of my predecessor was not only blunt but accurate.

"No, ma'am."

"I believe you," she said, studying me thoughtfully. "But you

hafta promise me, if I let you publish this, that you won't cut a word. *Not one goddamn word.*"

I promised, we shook hands, and she walked out. And to be honest, I would not have cut a thing.

Nor, had I been in Derry during the events she describes, would I have stood idly by while certain people in this burg behaved so indifferently toward their own children.

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### *My Letter To The Fine Folks Of Derry:*

*You all thought I was a slut back then, Daddy most of all, but I wasn't yet, and letting the only six friends I ever had make love to me when I was thirteen doesn't count. It was the only fucking way I knew to keep us all alive, and it felt good, and if it helped save even one family in Derry from the hell Bill Denbrough and his parents went through, then I reckon it was worth all the bullshit.*

*We couldn't save everyone, not even Belch and Victor, who never shoulda followed Henry Bowers into the sewers to begin with.*

*They were after me, mostly, so for that I am truly sorry.*

*I wish Henry'd died instead of them, but hey, a girl can't win 'em all.*

*And so you know, I'm just writing this as I go, so if it seems a bit scattered, deal with it.*

*It ain't like I give a shit what you all think of me anyway, so whatever.*

*Here goes:*

*To my late, unlamented father, Alvin Marsh: I was never your little girl, not really, and my only regret about you being dead is that it was your finger on the trigger and not mine.*

*To my poor, clueless mother, who loved my daddy more than he deserved, and saved what was left for me: Mama, remember when I said I'd write a letter like this if you sicced Daddy to fetch me from*

*Aunt Sophie's, so you made him stay away? Well, what I never told you was that I was gonna write the damn letter either way. Sorry if that makes me a bitch in your eyes, but then again, maybe that makes us even.*

*To my fifth-grade teacher Mrs. Dumont: Thanks for at least trying to help me that time Henry Bowers had a knife on me. You bothered to care, which is more than any other grown-up in this shitty town ever did. So again, thank you from the bottom of my heart.*

*To Kay McCall, my only girlfriend ever: Thank you for always having my back whenever I'm in Derry. And thanks to Arnie and Jimmy for the same thing. You guys are awesome.*

*And finally, to Ben, Bill, Eddie, Mike, Richie, and Stan: I love you all. Do you hear me? And if you don't know what the hell I'm talking about, or even who the fuck I am, that's okay. I don't think I was supposed to remember, either. But I do remember, and I do love each and every one of you, and anyone who don't like that can kiss my skinny white ass.*

*Signed,*

*Beverly Marsh*

*Former Slut Of Derry, Maine*

*Current Slut Of Portland, Maine*

*Losers Rule!*